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Tales of Valen



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Chapter 1 by Caleb Carl

In the Capital City of Valen, there are three leading groups. The humans control most of the guards, the elven holding most of the magical powers, and the dwarves holding most of the markets and these are their stories.

Chapter 2 by -



The humans were, by nature, more assertive. They envied the elven, and disdained the dwarves. But they knew that they could never overtake either of the other race's position, or the Master of the Capital would banish humans from His city.

But, as Barnard grew in age and stature, so did his thirst for power. It became unquenchable. From a young age, he started reading all the ancient manuscripts and books in the City's Knowledge Lair (similar to a library). He acquired information from mighty men of the past. This only added to his haughty nature and growing ego.

Barnard felt that he could help better the Capital. That he knew more efficient ways of running it. But the Master had never seen men like this before. He had heard tales of uprising rebels, but

he had no understanding of how to deal with them.

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And so, Barnard continued to gain knowledge of the strengths and enemies among the elven and dwarves.

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Chapter 1 by



"Hear ye, Hear ye, People of Valon!" A tall strong man stood in the middle Capital's meeting center. He was attired in armor and gripping a sword in his right hand.

"We have worked long and hard, and what do we get for it? More sweat and tears! More hardship and death!" He now had his muscular arms outstretched to the crowd.

As humans passed through the City's market square, they were drawn to the sound of an authoritative voice. Such as had never before been heard. It aroused in every man a memory of the past. Of times when the human race had stood together as one against a Government. When they had fought for Independence and Freedom. A new surge for independence and power had been reawakened. The anger in their hearts had been rekindled.

"Will you stand with me, to take take what is rightly ours? To take hold of the spheres of commerce, and the forces of Power?" He was charismatic, and aroused a sense of pride within the people.

The crowd had grown to cover six blocks of the market place, along with the large meeting center. The people were shouting and cheering and waving their arms in the air.

"Together, we can BECOME GREAT AGAIN!!!" The crowd went ballistic and was cheering the speaker on.

The man was Barnard.

Chapter 4 by Kai Skeleton



Our next hero is of elven descent, which naturally gives him the power of magic and through magic there are many advantages, whether that be in light or in dark; magic conquers all. Or so he was raised to believe.

The elven tend to be peaceful characters, but there are a few who are driven by blood and guts. They view the humans as subjects they can never understand and often time, send spies that look almost identical to them. On the other hand, they share a bond with the dwarves and trade

goods for riches. This of course is done with the permission of the capital's master.

However, spies were an elven secret. But to become one,

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The elven boy walked down the street with members of the elven community. He was headed for the center of the polisium where the leader accompanied

many more young elves.

"Finally! Son of Gideon has joined us." The leader rose his hands as he reached the center, a grin playing on the elder's features as he slipped a personalized locket around the boy's neck. "May the ceremony of names begin!" He called as the boy collected himself at the end of the line.

This was an important step, as it meant that the children had completed their schooling and were ready to work for the community.

The boy watched as his youthful peers were singled off and given their true name, a bit of hope in his heart.

He was tired of being known as 'Son of Gideon.'

When it came to be his turn, he stood there there with sweaty palms and a clenched jaw, green eyes turning to view his parents in the rows of seats above.

The next moments were to effect his life forever.

"I give you the name of Donovan, dark warrior, you will work with the shadows and move to the human capital."

Donovan looked toward the leader, taking his hand into his own.

"Thank you, I shall follow the rules of the shadows." He replied in a respectful manner and within a days worth of time, he was among the crowd of humans who were cheering Barnard on.

Donovan did not seem too pleased, his eyebrows narrowed and a frown present on his face. However, he had a job to do and his opinion did not matter any more.

"Aye! So what is the plan?" Came a foreign voice, belonging to a slender male who was heavily armored in means to blend in.

He hesitated to remove his helmet, but decided it was best to show his respect in order to gain trust. He bowed a little, holding the helmet at his hip. He had hoped that his messy brown hair was long enough to cover his pointed ears and that no one would question his long teeth and pointed canines, as those were important details that made elves different from humans.

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